



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).



EAGLE'S NEST  
LOOKING DOWN THE  
ROCK RIVER  
OREGON, ILLINOIS

## THE EAGLE'S NEST.

"The aspect of this country was to me enchanting beyond any I have ever seen, from its fullness of expression, its bold and impassioned sweetness. . . . The fragments of rock touch it with a wildness and liberality which give just the needed relief. I should never be tired here, though I have elsewhere seen country of more secret and alluring charms, better calculated to stimulate and suggest. Here the eye and heart are filled."

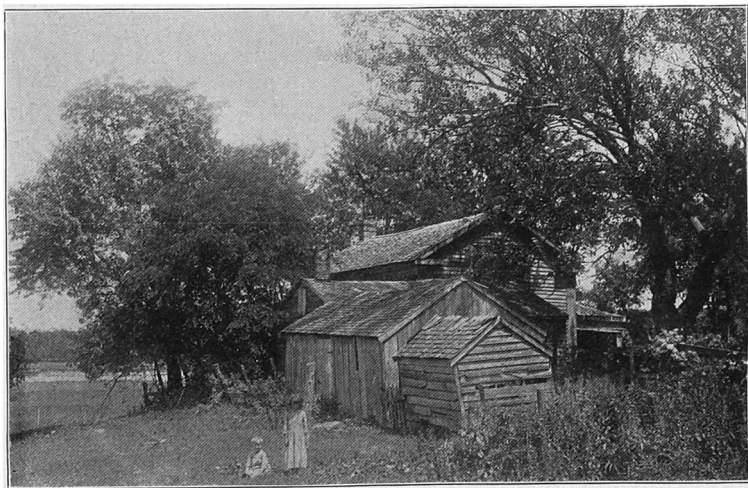
So wrote Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, some fifty years ago on a visit to Oregon and the Rock river. And now, after the lapse of half a century, the same region comes as a revelation of satisfying beauty to Chicago eyes grown weary of watchful dodging on State street and the cindered smoke of a thousand trains.

Through his generous hospitality toward men and things artistic, Mr. Wallace Heckman, a Chicago lawyer of large success and public spirit, has given to the artists and literary men of Chicago the exclusive use of the most beautiful part of the estate about his summer home in Oregon, Illinois. The only return to be made therefor is one dollar and two lectures a year. Realizing that American art, to be virile and original and permanent, must strike deeply into American soil, and realizing also that Dutch windmills, Venetian canals and German peasants are not the only elements of great landscapes, and realizing still further that Chicago by its position and the aspiration of its people is destined to be not only the greatest city but also the greatest center of art influence in the country, the donor has hoped to furnish favorable conditions for the growth of art in general and of Western art in particular by throwing open to those who can appreciate it an almost terra incognita of restful beauty, even here in Illinois—Illinois the insipid, the outspread, the deadly monotonous!

Among the people invited to the initiation of the project, who will probably form the board of incorporators, are Lorado Taft, the sculptor; Charles Francis Browne, Oliver Dennett Drover and Ralph Clarkson, the painters; Henry B. Fuller, the novelist; James Spencer Dickerson, the art critic; Irving K. Pond and Allen B. Pond, the architects; Clarence Dickinson, the composer, and Horace Spencer Fiske. Besides the board of trustees, who will have general control, there will be members, associate members and honorary members. The members will have the privilege of building cottages (material for which is immediately at hand in the bluff quarries), while associate members are granted ground space for temporary tents. The general artistic supervision of the architecture and

grounds will rest with the architects, Messrs. I. K. & A. B. Pond. Already a stone studio for Mr. Taft, a Moqui home for Mr. Browne, and a clubhouse on the bluff have been planned, and a long-armed windmill, for lifting water from the Ganymede spring, two hundred feet below.

The Eagle's Nest, so called from the twisted cedar eyrie on the brow of the great bluff, is a semi-circular, beautifully rounded and wooded piece of nature two hundred feet above the Rock river, which here traces a broad silver curve in the midst of bold green banks, lifting trees, yellow strawstacks and red barns against the sky. Up the river are Byron and Rockford, some twenty miles away ; down, the eye rests happily on

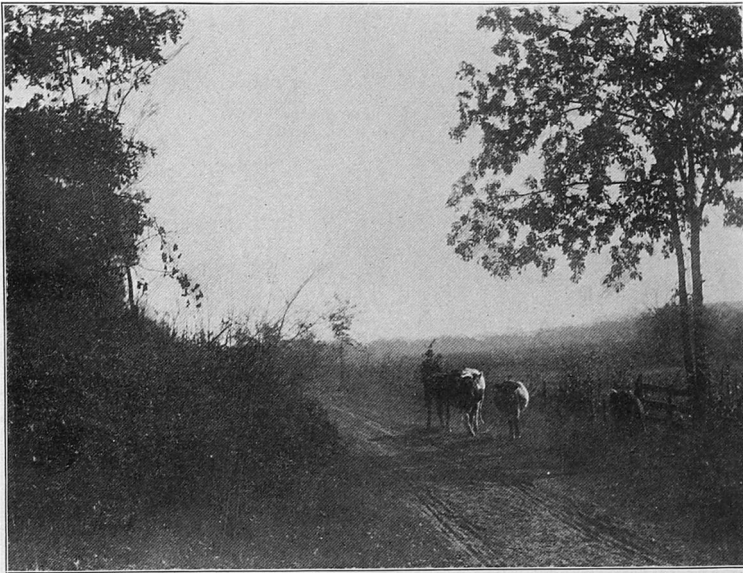


ABANDONED. NEAR OREGON, ILLINOIS.

the spiry town of Oregon ; just back of Liberty Hill, that crowns the horizon. And as the eye shortens its range, the long, lily fringed, tropically wooded Margaret Fuller Island swims into view. Immediately opposite the Eagle's Nest floats a wild little island garlanded with vine masses of frosty green. Back of this, along the river meadows, drift every day the inseparable, tail-flirting, feeding cattle that finally come to their noonday rest in the shadowed water along the bank ; and farther up one sees from Oak Crest, framed by the low-armed oaks, the long low river road below the leafy bluff, the bathers' island and the rising lines of stratified fields and woods in the distance. At the base of the northern slope, full of

crystal water, stands Diana's Bath Tub, renewed by a rushing spring from the limestone cleft. Here on the river bank and a park-like sward sprinkled with sunlight the washers beat their garments and sing Greek songs of labor.

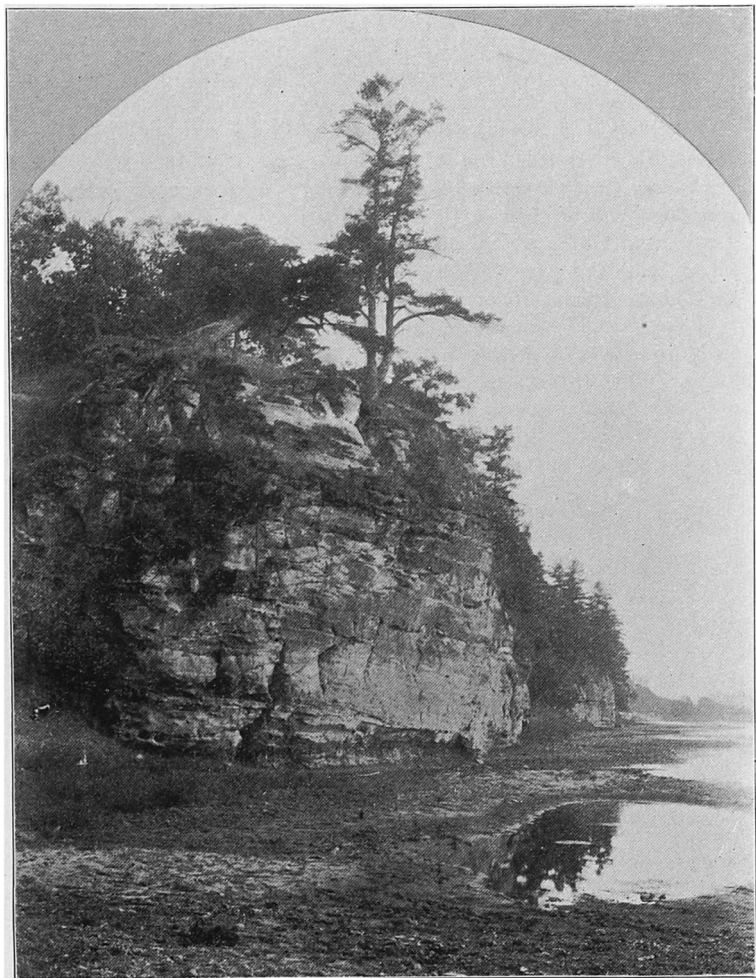
For while this community of artists is devoted to cloud scenery and the rich values of river landscape, their thought also is of simplicity in living—a kind of Tolstoi belief in the efficacy of simple labor that economically provides for unartificial needs. Abandoning for six months in



EVENING. OREGON, ILLINOIS.

the year the formal, fruitless restraints of a highly complicated city life, they are holding to the doctrine that good eating, good company and nearness to nature's heart are particularly conducive to happiness in labor, even though it be the merely physical. In fact, they have come to hold that that kind of labor is one of the elements of happiness.

No far-eyed Utopians living on a Massachusetts farm, they are still of the faith that beauty and sweetness and achievement lie in the realm of joyous and untrammelled human nature. They believe in the gospel of color and rhythm, of imagination and sympathy—in short, in the func-



ONE OF THE THREE SISTERS  
OREGON, ILLINOIS

tions of art that work for human happiness, destined from the foundation of the world.

And this gospel never seems truer than when a star and crescent shine above the opposite twilight slopes, and the clear flames of the camp fire play through the gathering darkness and turn the leafage to a scenic stage and the deadened mullein stalks stand stately on the rounded bluff side and nod their admiration at the river shadows.

They are not surprised to read in Margaret Fuller: "Two of the boldest bluffs are called the Deer's Walk . . . and the Eagle's Nest. The latter I visited one glorious morning; it was that of the Fourth of July, and certainly I think I had never felt so happy that I was born in America." Nor are they surprised when they descend to the gushing spring below the quarry and read the inscription to the effect that here her famous poem, "Ganymede to his Eagle," received its inspiration.

In memory of that poetic achievement — suggested by Thorwaldsen's sculpture — and of that unique woman, Lorado Taft, the sculptor, is outlining a relief of her face in marble and modeling a waiting Ganymede in bronze to stand forever above the fountain, looking for his eagle —

" To wait, to wait, but not to wait too long,  
Till heavy grows the burden of a song ;

If soon thou com'st not, night will fall around,  
My head with a sad slumber will be bound,  
And the pure draught be spilt upon the ground."

Oregon, Illinois.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.